

# The Weekly Museum.

[Vol. V.]

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1793.

[NUMBER 260.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Torrick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

## The EMBARRASMENTS of LOVE.

A DRAMATIC NOVEL.

[Concluded.]

JULIA could well have told him, but she dared not to reveal the secrets of her aunt.

"The mystery, madam, shall be cleared up, and that immediately," cried the Baronet, starting up.

"Hold, Sir Charles!—for heaven's sake, hold!—I fear lest, from some fresh misunderstanding, Mr. Melville and you should be again embroiled."

But to talk to Sir Charles was to talk to the wind.—On his arrival at the house of his friend, he found him stalking across his apartment with hasty strides.

"Upon my honour, Jack, you are one of the most unaccountable fellows in England.—I protest you render every person ridiculous who is connected with you."

"What, Sir?" returned Melville, eyeing him with fury—"mean you to repeat your insults even under my roof?"

And he renewed his strides.

"Let me intreat you, Mr. Melville, to sit down, to be composed.—I see that some new mistake has happened."

"Mistake! No, no, there *can* be no mistake now.—All my doubts are satisfied.—I am a proper subject, *truly*, to form the diversion of you, and of Julia!"

"Hear me, Melville.—We know each other well.—Tell me, then, what reason you can have to suspect *me* of this meanness.—But tell me, first, why after I had prepared Julia for your visit, and she, lovely innocent! flew to receive you—tell me why, thus circumstanced, you thought proper to disappear."

"Alas! she flew not to receive *me*—she flew to conceal the testimony of her falsehood, to conceal *thy picture*, Sir Charles."

"My picture!"

"Yes, *thine*—I saw it, examined it.—It lay unsmoothed upon her table not an hour ago."

"Egad! this is a singular adventure.—Are you *sure* it was my picture?"

"Ah! too sure.—Would I were otherwise!—Yes, it is Sir Charles Frankley she prefers, Sir Charles Frankley she loves!"

"Faith," replied the Baronet—though not till he had mused for the space of a minute—"it is very possible, that this *may* be the case: I see nothing miraculous in it.—It is not the first time I have triumphed in the heart of a lady, without either suspecting it or even wishing for it.—And really, Jack, it would be cruel to disappoint the poor thing!"

"Do, Sir, as you think proper; but reflect, that Julia is not less dear to me than life; that in tearing the one from me you shall tear the other."

"Fie, Melville! you really do not polish at all.—I would rather kill any other man than you.—But what would you have me do? You know Julia.—Is *she* nature, think you, to treat her with rigour?"

"A Perverse Julia!—Canst thou doubt, a single instant, that I do not adore thee?"

"Well, my friend, carry your homage to another shrine, and leave Julia to repent at leisure."

"No, Sir, I insist upon it that she shall instantly explain herself—instantly, with her own lips, pronounce the object of her choice.—I will at least have the pleasure of enjoying her confusion, of overwhelming her with reproaches."

"By heavens, you shall not.—Besides, Jack, consider the absurdity of such a step.—Love, now-a-days, is become merely a tacit agreement.—People form attachments, and break them, without ever dropping a word about the matter.—Every question, in such cases, is childish—every confession superfluous, every reproach mean, and unbecoming."

But this, and fifty other arguments, weighed not a feather with Melville; and Sir Charles was at length obliged to comply with the humour of his friend.—On their entrance, the colour forsook the cheek of Julia.

"Come, Madam," cried the Baronet—"he not alarmed.—Our tormented friend, here, longs to know his destiny.—He will have it, that your heart has declared itself in favour of me—will have it, that a certain portrait in your possession is intended for me.—This is a strange visit, I confess—but such is the price of Mr. Melville."

Julia spoke not, and her confusion increased.

"Death!" exclaimed Melville, "there need not words to denounce my doom.—Her silence, her downcast eyes, express too much.—I am sacrificed—undone.—But know, cruel Julia, that either my happy rival shall not long enjoy his triumph, or his sword shall prevent me from witnessing my shame!"

Still was Julia silent.

"Faith, Jack, I begin to pity you; and were it not that I scorn to be ungrateful to Julia, I really might carry the heroism of friendship to its height.—But look at Julia—look at her, my friend, and blame me if you can."

Miss Howard could contain herself no longer.

"And pray, Mr. Melville, how long is it since you have become so deeply interested in what passes in my heart?—There was a time, and that not an age ago, when that seemed to be a matter of no consequence to you.—The Countess of Hayman—"

"I have indeed, Madam," interrupted Melville, "deservedly incurred your rigour, your hatred.—Yet while I seemed to neglect your charms in favour of a rival, I never opened my lips but to dwell upon those of my Julia."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Miss Howard—"to what an extremity am I reduced!"

"Regard it not," cried Sir Charles.—"Obey the dictates of your heart."

"Alas! they are no longer to be resisted," sighed forth Julia.

And, with trembling hand, she produced from her pocket the picture of her lover.

"Adorable creature!" exclaimed Melville, throwing himself upon his knees the moment he beheld his own likeness; while oppressed with joy, he could not utter a word.

"Adorable creature!" exclaimed he again, as he recovered from his ecstasy.—"What do I not deserve for my base suspicions!"

And he paused.

"But—but Julia!"

The happiness of Melville began already to vanish.—The mystery, he thought, was not yet unravelled; and though he longed to hint his fears, yet he could not tell how.

"But, Julia, there is another picture still!"

Julia again changed colour, and trembled, while Melville again gave a loose to his jealousy—Sir Charles, to his astonishment.

Thus were they situated, when Miss Fairfax entered the room, fraught with the news of the happy issue of her process.

"Hey-day! what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed she, amazed at the perplexity visible on the countenance of each.

"You, Madam," replied Sir Charles, "can perhaps explain it.—In the possession of Julia there is a certain picture."

"Picture!" echoed Miss Fairfax, with emotion.—"What picture?"

"Here it is, Madam," added Julia, unable any longer to behold the distraction of her lover.—"Here it is, finished agreeably to your request. It belongs to you alone to dispose of it."

And she put into her hand the portrait of Sir Charles.

"Well, Baronet," continued Miss Fairfax, rather piqued, but willing to put the best face upon the matter—"people wish not to possess the likeness of an object that is indifferent to them.—The picture shall be mine; in return for which my hand and fortune are at your service—my fortune, which has to-day received an increase of thirty thousand pounds."

"Madam, your most obedient.—But allow me, in the first place, to complete the happiness of my friends—in other words, to obtain your consent, that this faithful pair may be united, and that they may partake with you of the fruits of this happy day."

Miss Fairfax, too much elated to refuse any request which came from her dear Baronet, bowed and smiled.—Our lovers were in an ecstasy.

"Dear Sir Charles!"—"Dear Aunt!" cried they in a breath.

Utter more they could not, without doing injustice to their sensibility.

"Now," cried Sir Charles, "every mystery I think, is cleared up but that of—of my marriage."

"Your marriage!" echoed Melville and Julia, with amazement.—"Your marriage!" echoed Miss Fairfax, with both amazement and horror.

"My marriage with the Countess of Hayman.—Why, we are old in wedlock now.—We have been married almost—ay almost a week.—Her ladyship is now at home, and will be happy to receive this good company to dinner."

Melville and Julia with pleasure embraced the invitation. But Miss Fairfax, on the pretence of a sudden head-ach, begged to be excused.

She neglected not, however, her promise to Sir Charles.—On the day which gave to Melville the possession of his Julia, she presented the bride with the sum of ten thousand pounds; a sum which, indeed, they wanted not, but which induced the world to throw a veil over her foibles, and to pity



her misfortunes.—Soon after, she retired to a village, at a considerable distance from London—a village, long since famous for scandal.—There she lived, contented as an antiquated maiden could live, till in consequence of a certain failure in the City; by which she was considerably injured, her heart broke, and she resigned her breath to him who gave it, resigned the enjoyment of a world which she had often termed “a world of vanity, and of disappointment.”

As for Sir Chales and his lady, they were as happy as an endless round of dissipation, an unbounded confidence in the fidelity of each other, can make them.—The felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Melville, on the other hand, strictly domestic, is centered in each other, and in a lovely boy and girl, the lively images of their father and mother.

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison.

**A** Friend to the fairer half of the rational world, would dedicate to his sisters the following LUCUBRATION.

No advocate of the sex can avoid detesting the centuries upon females, we daily meet with in periodical publications. They are often unmerited, always uncandid, and as such, should be obliterated with the tears of benevolence. Their male authors would do well to consider, that unusually the most censorious are the most inexcusable. It must, however, be acknowledged, that less foundation would exist for such reflections, did ladies, in general, stand as high as they ought in their own estimation. In this case, their worth would universally be recognized—for in this case, their efforts would be to be inestimable. Their aim instead of dazzling, would be to delight; to please by the engagingness of mental attainments; to adapt themselves for friendship and sociality, by becoming qualified to entertain and edify, to bless and grace the conjugal connexion, to cheer and to alleviate the infelicities of life. These are endowments fully feminine, and supremely ornament many of the sex. How infinitely transcending the frivolous accomplishments, the insipid graces of, alas, too many! of many who pique themselves upon the symmetry of their person, the splendor of their dress, or the crimson of an artificial complexion. Inanimate beauty may charm for a moment, an Anthony may be enraptured with the charms of a Cleopatra, but mere lightness, without other graces, can never secure a permanent affection, nor guard the possessor from ridicule and contempt.

But were external gracefulness the “*ne plus ultra*” of their acquirements, the fashionable decorations are inapt to their purpose. Elaborate flattery has little tendency to please—Let me remind the fair, that while the eye long gazes with pleasure upon the intrinsically most valuable metal, though it glitters a little, it shines with uneasiness the lustre of the brightest crystal, when acted on by the sun’s adventitious rays. At most, every unnatural thing is disagreeable, and the paint upon the face of a female is the greatest disparagement to her understanding.

“Painting,” says BENNETT, in his excellent letters, is equally indecent, offensive and criminal. It is an attempt to deceive, a vain and impious endeavour to embellish, while it defaces God’s image—it is not simplicity—it is not elegance. Let then your rouge be that of nature, the carnation blush of health, arising from temperance, regularity, exercise and air.”

Let me be permitted to quote, as consonant to this, the following elegantly-ethic lines from a very late juvenile production, the “Progress of refinement,” in three books:

“FLATTERY, thou common sower of guile,  
Teaches the fair to cultivate deceit  
And slight the brilliant talents of the mind.  
’Tis hence they paint, affected airs,  
And, primming at the mirror, waste the day—  
Strange, that the sprightliest fancy should be  
cloy’d

With native grace, to have recourse to art!  
The well mixed colors and the gentlest touch  
Far from adorning nature’s images  
Of nice perfection, tarnish and deform.  
The painter tho’ his taste be exquisite,  
Can never add a beauty to the rose,  
He sees, admires those beauties pencil ne’er  
Can steal, nor artist imitate exact,  
Altho’ the tints be delicately fine  
And laid with nice and lightly finger’d skill.  
Then why does female vanity attempt,  
To grace the cheek too fair to be adorn’d?  
The finer places drawn with master strokes  
May please a moment carelessly beheld,  
But cannot captivate like images  
By nature’s self pourtrayed. The blooming  
cheek,

The ruby lips, the brightly-sparkling eye  
And comely set of features vivified  
With life and health are objects beautiful,  
Too beautiful for art to emulate;  
And the superior graces of the mind  
Ever unfolding with still brighter charms,  
Can captivate, when nature’s beauties fade,  
And when the mimic arts no more can please.”  
May 2, 1793. Z—

#### THE MEDLEY.

**D**R. RADCLIFFE, who indulged himself not unfrequently with a bottle or two of claret, was once called in to a lady who had the same propensity, but who was drunk. The Doctor, who was in the same situation himself, but who little dreamt of the lady’s condition, approached the bed side, and finding himself unable to feel her pulse, stammered out (speaking of himself) “Devilish drunk indeed?” The Lady’s maid who was present, thinking the Doctor had said this of her lady, whispered him, “Indeed sir, you have hit upon my mistress’s disorder; she is apt now and then to take a little too much wine.” The Doctor now had his cue, prescribed as well as he could to her particular complaint, some Tartar emetic and warm water, and buckled out of the room as fast as possible.

#### OLD ROMAN ANECDOTE.

**A** Farmer in the country was so very like Augustus, that every body took notice of the similitude, and he had himself the curiosity, when he heard of it to send for him up to court. When the farmer made his appearance, Augustus was so affected with the striking likeness, that he asked him whether his mother had not formerly visited Rome? The man comprehending the drift of the question, readily answered, that his mother had never been at Rome, but his father had often visited that place.

The following EPIGRAPH was wrote by a Seaman, a few days preceding his death, desiring it might be engraved on his grave stone.

**T**H Obor Eabli Aft San Daepu Nefwaw, Etos  
Tmet Oan Dfr O.  
Ye Tinspleto Fbot Hbygo D’scomm, Andi Har  
Bourhe Rebelo W.  
Th Oher Eatan Cho Ridori, Dewit Hman Yoso  
Urle Et,  
Ye Tbyan Doyimur Tsets Ailmya Dmir Alchr  
Ilt Ome Et.

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM. TO LYCIDAS.

**O**N the wild mountain’s airy cloud-top’d brow,  
That frowns majestic on the vale below,  
Or in the prostrate dell where violets blow,  
And lift their filken veils of purple glow.  
I love to drink the breath of morn,  
That steals its freshness from the thorn;  
I love to mark the eastern way,  
Where Night her car drives far away:  
Yet ah! while Spring unfolds her bloom,  
And ev’ry blossom sheds perfume,  
Still will my native meads extort the tear,  
And mem’ry paint them fair, and passion dear.  
Far o’er the flood my pensive eye will stray,  
While active Fancy fondly paints the way,  
That leads to British shores—O plains below’d!  
Where in the morn of life I careless rovd.  
Delightful hills up whose steep sides I’ve run,  
To watch the rising glories of the Sun,  
Or when the misty veil of shading night,  
Conceal’d your beaut’ous prospects from my sight,  
Then rapt Imagination lov’d to stray,  
Where not one star bestow’d a lucid ray:  
But never more the muse around my head,  
Shall soft Enthusiastic visions spread.  
O never more when jocund Spring,  
Shall shake the blossoms from her wing;  
O never more shall I be found,  
Where ed’rous wild-thyme blows around:  
My song no more shall glad the bowers,  
At early morn or evening’s hour.

And thou lov’d Wye upon whose rush-fring’d banks,  
Full oft I’ve sat beneath th’ other dark,  
And heard the turtle’s tender strain;  
Soft echo’d from th’ neighbouring grove,  
Or wildly gaz’d upon the moon’s pale light,  
Silv’ring the frowning cliffs romantic height,  
Or listen’d to the sighs of pain,  
For friendship scorn’d, or slighted love;  
And not the freshness of the rose,  
That round its crimson fragrance throws;  
Not the first blushes of the day;  
Not the gay music of the spray,  
Nor all the varied seasons bring,  
When o’er the meads they flow’rets sing,  
Can lull my griefs or charm my tearful eye,  
While from thy shores I’m torn, O beauteous Wye!  
Nor thou sweet bard whose soft and dulcet song,  
Winds the torn fibres of my heart among,  
Tho’ much I doat upon thy magic strain,  
Tho’ it has “charm’d my bosom’s savage pain.”  
Thou hast not lost enchantment found the art,  
To still the nature’s throbbings in the heart;  
Nor would’st thou with thy verse from Julia’s mind,  
Should banish relatives she left behind;  
At her sad tale thy soul would heave a sigh,  
And sensibility would dew thine eye;  
And thou, O LYCIDAS! would’st sure approve,  
And bless the tears that fall for them I love.

JULIA.

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To Miss D— L—

**W**HILE fate and Fortune both conspire,  
With love that sets my heart on fire,  
My wounded peace to kill;  
What method can my fondness take,  
To shew my sufferings for her sake,  
Whose fears subverts her will.  
In vain I urge my constant flame,  
While interest claims the ruling aim  
Of sage Parental care,  
Duty restrains compassion’s aid,  
And makes the much lov’d prudent maid,  
Reluctant force despair.

MENALCAS.



## New-York, May 4.

By the ship *Holderness*, Capt. Wray, arrived in this port, in 30 days from Hull, and 25 from the Orkneys. He brought no papers, but relates an account of a severe engagement between Gen. Dumourier and the Austrian Army, on the 16th and 18th of March, in which it was said Dumourier was beaten, with the loss of between 11 and 13,000, himself wounded in the thigh, and one General officer killed. The Captain says this account was published in the London Gazette, and was generally believed.

The battle commenced on the 16th, and held the whole day; on the 17th there was a cessation, and on the 18th the Austrians again attacked, having received a reinforcement of 12,000 cavalry, which decided the battle at the close of the day, in favour of the Austrians, though it appeared in favour of the French in the former part of it.—The captain adds that Dumourier has still an army of 80,000 men, and has retreated farther into the Netherlands—that the field of battle was between the Meuse and Breda—that the French still held Breda, but it was a question whether the retreat of the French Garrison there would not be cut off. Our informant could not tell how many even the Austrians lost, nor who commanded them but it is presumed, that it was General Clairfait.

Autentic advices of the 6th of March, received from Cadiz via Baltimore, state—that the French had actually commenced hostilities against Spain, and had captured several vessels.—All the French shipping in the Spanish ports had been seized; all French subjects had been ordered to leave Madrid in four hours, and to quit the kingdom in 20 days; and it was hourly expected at Cadiz, when these advices came away, that a similar order would arrive there for sending away all Frenchmen from every port of Spain, which tis added could not fail to cause great confusion and distress.

The National Assembly have ordered, that all the ports of French West-India Islands should be as freely open to American vessels and produce, during the war, as to French vessels, upon paying the same duties."

London, March 14, 18.—On Monday last an unprecedented attachment was made by the King's Attorney General of the sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, standing in the bank of England in the name of Messrs. Borden and Choller, on the supposition of the money being the property of the French government.

The consideration that this measure has given to all the monied men it is impossible for us to describe; but such is the present state of men's minds, that no act of government can produce any other emotion than surprise.

The Minister at War stated that Gertruydenbourg was taken, and that the losses sustained at Leige would only tend to re-animate the courage of Dumourier, who was boldly pursuing the plan which he had formed. He added, that Dumourier informed him in a letter, that the French would soon be masters of the banks of the Rhine, but that a supply of more troops would be necessary.

Letter from General Miranda to the Minister at War.

Saint Tron, March 5.—"I learnt yesterday, at ten o'clock at night, that the enemy, by a third attack with a body of 12 or 13,000 men had taken Tongres, and forced our troops to retreat to Ans and St. Tron. This intelligence made General Valence and myself resolve to send for all the troops from Vise and Herve, &c. to Ans, near the channel of Leige, that we might retreat in

force to St. Tron, where, by taking a good military position, we might be able to make a stand, and even to risk a battle.

In consequence of this disposition we united, this morning, in sufficient force, and advanced towards St. Tron by the great road of Liege. When we got half way we found a body of troops amounting to three or four thousand men whom the enemy had posted in the village of Orray. Our light troops attacked them and they fell back on Tongres.

At eight in the evening the army arrived, with all its artillery, at St Tron, where we have taken an advantageous position, which covers the retreat of our magazines and hospitals, as well as of some small bodies of troops, who, on account of the impossibility of transmitting orders to them in time or through negligence of their commanders, have not joined the army.

By the ship favourite, Captain Story, in 23 days from Galway, we have received the following intelligence.

London, March 28. This morning government received dispatches from Lord Auckland, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Hague. The dispatches are dated on Tuesday last, and are entirely silent respecting the action reported to have taken place on the 22d inst. On the contrary they state that Dumourier was still in force between Louvain and Brussels—but that the French have entirely evacuated Ostend, proceeding by water on their way to Dunkirk.

A letter received by a respectable house in this city, from a correspondent at Ostend, states that a counter revolution has been effected at Paris. The particulars are said to be, that the people dissatisfied with the conduct of the Convention, and discouraged by the late ill success of their arms, had released the royal prisoners, dissolved the Convention, and proclaimed the Dauphin King, and appointed the Queen Regent of the kingdom till Monsieur can have time to arrive. The letter adds that upwards of 30,000 people lost their lives upon this occasion. Till the mail or some further account arrive, it will be impossible to determine the degree of credit due to this intelligence.

An express from Margate, has this morning, brought the latest intelligence which has been received respecting the operations of the French in the neighbourhood of Ostend.—We lay this letter before our readers without any comment.

Margate, March 27.—By an express arrived this morning from Ostend, we learn that Ostend is evacuated.

The master of the boat adds, that the Austrians were at Bruges, yesterday, and expected to be at Ostend this day.

He further says, that Dumourier is wounded and a prisoner at Brussels; and that there has been a very great slaughter among the French, for the Austrians gave no quarter.

N. B. The express left Ostend this morning about one o'clock.

On the 2d of March his Imperial Majesty acknowledged Monsieur, the eldest brother of the late Louis XVI. as Regent of France.

The French General Dampiere, who was taken prisoner near Henry Chapelle, died of his wounds on the 7th March.

The late failures in London and other commercial towns in England, are computed at Twelve millions of pounds sterling.

### A CARD.

THE Brethren of the different Lodges in town, are cautioned against the impositions of a certain Mr. —, who is soliciting charity as a cast-away person; but I believe him for very good reasons to be an impostor. A Major.

### COURT OF HYMEN. MARRIED

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. ROBERT JOHNSTON, to Miss ANN BUCHANAN, daughter of Mr. John Buchanan—both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Provoost, Mr. JAMES SMITH VANCE, to Miss ELIZABETH PARKER—both of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Morrell, Mr. JOSEPH HAWKINS, to Miss ELEANOR HOOGLAND—both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. JOHN KORTWRIGHT, to Miss CATHERINE SEAMAN, eldest daughter of Mr. Edmund Seaman—both of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Montanye, Mr. WILLIAM USTICK, to Miss REBECCA MONTANYEA—both of this city.

At the request of a number of Subscribers, the Printer has again ventured to open the COURT of HYMEN—in order to avoid impositions, it will be necessary that Marriages are personally handed in.

Mr. SKINNER, SURGEON DENTIST, respectfully informs the public, he has removed to No. 47, Nassau-street, next door to the dispensary.

### T H E A T R E.

MRS. HAMILTON'S NIGHT.

By the OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

On MONDAY EVENING, May the 6th, will be presented, a COMEDY, called,

The R E C E S S; Or,

The Mask'd Apparition.

To which will be added, a Pantomime, called ROBINSON CRUSOE;

Or, Harlequin Friday.

In act first, a dance of Savages.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

### E D U C A T I O N.

JAMES LIDDELL,

No. 56, Crown-Street.

TEACHES Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, superficial and solid:—Also,

Mrs. LIDDELL

Teaches Tambour and the finest branches of Needlework.

New York, May 4, 1793.

60—41

### JAMES WEEKS, MERCHANT TAYLOR.

No. 84, Water-Street.

FINDS himself under great obligations to his customers, for which he returns his most grateful thanks, and hopes by his exertions to please, he shall merit a continuance of their favours.

He also informs his friends, customers and the public in general, that he has just received by the last arrivals, an addition to his assortment of the best London superfine broad cloths and cassimers, as well as the most fashionable mixtures as plain; an elegant assortment of vest shapes, black satin of the best quality, with proper trimming, and a variety of other articles, suitable to his business, all of which he is determined to sell on as low terms as possible. May 4.



## Court of Apollo.

On the ETMOLOGY of the Word WOMAN.

**W**HEN females first had place on earth,  
By the supreme decree;  
It was intended from their birth,  
They should of solace be.

But too curious to be blest,  
Eve pin'd for knowledge stor'd,  
And, to her taste, as she confest,  
Seduc'd her courteous Lord.

"Wo be to Man," th' Almighty said,  
"For having thus transgress'd,  
"For Wo!-MAN now a bar hath laid,  
"To their eternal rest."

From Paradise, then, both he drove,  
By angels far away,  
And freed the holy realm above,  
From atoms of base clay.

Thus Man did lose his seat of bliss,  
And nothing had to urge;  
But wail'd "of happiness the miss,  
"That Wo-MAN prov'd his scourge."

Thus Wo-MAN's but a thread to man,  
For giving way to sin;  
She ever will subdue his plan,  
Of happiness within.

Upon the world hath WOMAN brought  
A curse that's mortal been;  
By her mankind were early taught  
The fatal road to sin.

BENEDICK.

On SEEING a GOOD OLD MAN.

**O** Reverend sire! hide not with bashful care,  
Thy aged form; nor pride's fastidious frown,  
Nor cold aversion's start,  
Forbid thy meek approach.

Soft sympathy behold thy care-bent back,  
Thy hoary hairs that thinly veil thy head,  
Thy sorrow'd front of woe,  
With many a heart-felt sigh.

Ah look not so, methinks thy alter'd face,  
Smooth'd with a smile, my father's likeness wears;  
Thus the dim spark of age,  
Illumes his feeble eye.

Oh! ye, the faithful picture of the soul!  
When time has robb'd the intellectual store,  
Scarce one poor ray of thought  
Breaks through the gloom.

**T**HE proprietors of the MAIL DILIGENCE  
beg leave to inform their friends and the  
public in general, that they have altered their  
hours of starting from sun-rise in the morning from  
Powlis's Hook, to that of 9 o'clock every day in  
the week, except Sunday, and start every Satur-  
day morning at 7 o'clock, and on Friday at 3  
o'clock. Seats for this Stage must be engaged of  
JAMES CARR, at the Mail Stage Office, City  
Tavern, Broad-Way. The fare of each passen-  
ger, 4 Dollars, way-passengers, 4d. per mile,  
150lb. of baggage the same as a passenger, the  
baggage at the risque of the owner. Seven pas-  
sengers can only be admitted in this Stage, on any  
pretence whatever.

Expresses and extra Stages to be had at this  
Office, to go to any part of the Continent.

JOHN N. CUMMINGS, & Co.

March 23.

## The Moralist.

**H**AS a great man a different sleep from mine,  
A different smelling—a different feeling,  
and a different sight? No: Wherein therefore do  
his pleasures surpass mine? In some outward dif-  
ferences, which are neither his nor in him.—  
"Kings are of a worse condition than private  
men, in the very enjoyment of pleasures; because  
ease and felicity take away the half sweet and half  
sour taste which we find in them. Do you think  
that singing boys take great delight in music? So-  
ciety makes it rather tedious to them. He who  
drinks before he is thirsty, can take no great plea-  
sure in drinking."

## SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

Imported in the Ship Peter, Captain Hufsey,  
Best London Superfine Broad Cloths,  
Among which are the most fashionable mixtures,  
Also by the latest Spring Vessels,  
Navy blue, dark and light do. green drabs,  
pearls, lead, slate, browns, dark, snuff, black  
and ravens grey, and a variety of very handsome  
mixtures and trimmings, suitable for the above.  
Cassimeres of different colours milled and plain,  
Vest patterns of different kinds,  
Mullins tambooured with gold, silver and silk,  
Silk Florentine of a superior quality,  
Striped Nankeens and India do.

for sale by  
CALEB HAVILAND,

Taylor, No 13, Goldsmith-street.

Who returns his sincere thanks to those who  
have favoured him with their custom; and now  
assures them and the public in general, that he is  
furnish'd with cloths and trimmings of a superior  
quality, and is determined to sell them at as reason-  
able a rate as any person can afford in this city.

## American Manufactured BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

**B**LACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the  
purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and  
irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts  
good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of  
any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles,  
Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and  
cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of  
IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on rea-  
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,  
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

## CHEMICAL FIRE,

**P**UT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful  
for those who travel by land or water, and  
very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or  
alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by ap-  
plying a common match. No family ought to be  
without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by  
WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-street and Beekman Slip,  
Who has also for sale, a large assortment of  
Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms  
for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering  
goods from this store, may depend upon being  
served with fidelity and dispatch.

## AMERICAN MANUFACTORY.

SMITH & MOORE,

No. 18, Maiden Lane.

**H**AVE just received from New-Haven, a fresh  
supply of white thread, Manufactured in  
that place, the quality of which is much approved  
of, and deemed superior to that imported from Eu-  
rope.

N. B. Also, at the same place may be had al-  
most every species of DRY GOODS.

## HENRY TEN BROOK,

No. 82, William-street.

**H**EREBY informs his customers and others,  
that he intends to quit his present business on  
the 1st of May next.—He therefore requests all those  
indebted to him, either by bond, note, or book, to  
make speedy payment.

His stock on hand consisting of a general assortment  
of DRY GOODS, he is now selling off at prime cost.

N. B. TO LET, a neat two story house in complete  
repair, with a convenient stable, chair house, and  
garden, containing 8 lots of ground, in good board  
fence, situated near Delancy's old Mansion-house,  
Bowry. March 30.

## BREAD KEGS.

**B**BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and  
sold at No. 13, Crown-street, where Bakers,  
Grocers and others, may be supplied at short no-  
tice, and on reasonable terms for cash. 1y

April 20, 1793. WILLIAM CARGILL.

At a Court of Chancery, held at the Chancellor's  
Chambers, in the City of New-York, the 8th  
day of March, 1793.

P R E S E N T,

The Hon. Robert R. Livingston, Esq. Chancellor.  
Aur Hausfeman, and  
Elizabeth his wife,  
which said Elizabeth  
is administratrix of  
Isaac Marjchalk, de-  
ceased. vs.

Robert Keech. } FORASMUCH as it  
appears to this Court,  
that a bill hath been filed  
in the above cause to ob-  
tain a decree for the sale  
of certain Premises there-  
in mentioned. WHERE-  
UPON process of subpoena to appear and answer  
hath been duly issued and returned; AND an affi-  
davit having been made to the satisfaction of this  
Court, that diligent enquiry has been made for the  
said Defendant within this State; AND that the  
Deponent had not been able to find the said Defendant  
so as to serve the said subpoena; AND that he had  
been informed and believed, that the said defendant  
Robert Keech resided without the said state, to wit:  
in the province of Nova-Scotia. Whereupon it is  
Ordered, on motion of Mr. Cozine, of Counsel for  
the complainants, that the said defendant, Robert  
Keech, do appear to the said bill, on or before the  
expiration of ten weeks from the publication of this  
Order, and in default thereof, that the said com-  
plainants bill, be taken pro-confesso to the end that  
a decree may be made for the sale of the said premis-  
es, or such part thereof as to this court shall appear  
just and right. And it is further Ordered that a  
copy of this order within twenty days from the date  
hereof be inserted in at least two of the public news  
papers printed in the state of New-York, for the  
space of eight weeks successively.

Extra'd from the minutes,

54 8

W. COCK, Register.

## PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatne's  
accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable  
as any in this City.

t  
d  
e  
-  
r  
-  
is  
ne  
de  
at  
id  
nt  
t.  
is  
er  
rt  
he  
m-  
bat  
if-  
ear-  
t a  
cise  
nos  
sle

the's  
le